Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

MISAPPLIED CHARITY.—He that said that a cup of cold water given for his sake should not be given in vain, would take no exception, if, for his sake, it were ignorantly given to Judas Iscariot.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.—Representatives are expected this year from several foreign countries. The *soirée* will be held in the large hall of the Cannon-street Hotel, on the 20th May. All country friends are urged at once to secure their tickets—1s. 6d. each—for the *soirée*.

EDUCATION IN ITALY.—The inquiry instituted by the King of Italy elicited the fact that, as the result of the clerical control of education, out of twenty-six millions of people in that country, nineteen millions could neither read nor write. These are the men that would like to control the instruction of the people in England and America.

A GOOD STROKE OF BUSINESS.—Mr. John Fretwell, at one time one of the lay preachers of the London Unitarian Society, who has been spending some months in the United States on business, having been invited to preach on several occasions, asked the people to take a collection to aid our Hungarian churches in the work of educating their young men for the ministry. These collections have netted over £1500.

MORE SUNDAY SCHOOLS NEEDED.—The "Sunday School Quarterly Journal" affirms that a careful study of the "Unitarian Almanac" discloses the fact that in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, there are 357 places of worship connected with the Unitarian body, but that there are only 226 Sunday Schools. Are we to understand by this, that in 131 Unitarian chapels no provision is made for the religious training of the young, either of the congregation or of the neighbourhood?

COURAGEOUS.—On Good Friday, at the Sunday School Union held at Southampton of orthodox teachers, the Rev. T. Haydn Williams concluded his speech by "earnestly recommending the teachers to read carefully the essay of Dr. Channing on the Sunday School, and expressed the belief that if they did so, without prejudice against that eminent man of God as a reputed heretic, they could not but be greatly benefited."

UNITARIAN APATHY REBUKED.—In a reply of Robert Young, LL.D., of Edinburgh, to a tract written by Dr. Vance Smith, he says:—"I have never joined in the cry 'that Unitarians are not Christians.' I have no admiration of the Nicene, Athanasian, or any other creed, &c. He says 'You add "Hell is burning as fiercely as ever, and tens of thousands are daily falling into it."' And what are you Unitarians doing to prevent all this? We give our money, our time, our influence, our energies, our whole soul, to tell men of a Gracious Father, who 'so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' But what do Unitarians do to communicate this great love to their fellow men, either in this or in other lands? Who ever heard of a Unitarian missionary to the heathen, except, indeed, as following occasionally in the wake of the self-denying missionaries of the Cross of Christ? This is, indeed, the most 'damning' sin, in my estimation, of Unitarians and their system. The last parting command of the compassionate Saviour, who wept so much over perishing sinners, to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' is by them systematically neglected, and has always been so, and, I fear, will continue to be so, till the love of Christ constrain them to address Him in the words of Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.'" We may remind Dr. Young that we have not been all so idle all the day long. But we shall take his words to heart and try and be more zealous, without adopting his views of the person of Christ.

AN ADDITION TO THE TRINITY.—A German correspondent of the *Nonconformist* mentions a strange statement which was published some time ago by a German paper, to the effect that at Rome it is in contemplation to admit Mary into the Trinity. This seems beyond all stretch of imagination. But the present Pope has become so fond of her, pronounced her immaculate, and exalted her worship to such a high pitch, that the next token of respect for her could scarcely be any other than this blasphemous proposal.

THE HONOURABLE DAVID JOY.—This well-known gentleman to our American churches died at Ventnor last month. The *Isle of Wight Express* pays a handsome tribute of respect to his memory. Among other words of eulogy, it says :—"No murmuring word or impatient act can be recorded to dim the lustre of the close of a life of great business activity, of public usefulness, and of extended philanthropy —a life which was a bright example of the results of the teachings of 'Liberal Christianity.' Mr. Joy was a Unitarian, and the calmness and peacefulness of his departure from this world, affords one more proof of the sustaining power in death of the faith of Channing, of May, of Parker, of Martineau. Samuel J. May said, at the end of his long life of Christian devotion and practical philanthropy, 'If I die I may have a clearer vision, but I cannot have a firmer faith.' Mary Ware, another earnest and self-consecrated Unitarian Christian, exclaimed, 'What a beautiful day to go home!'"

ORIGINAL SIN.—It is not often we find total depravity the basis of a hymn. In Mr. Nordhoff's account of the Shakers, he says their hymns are very curious, embodying a theory concerning the fall of Adam which is not familiar to most persons. One hymn represents a dialogue between Adam and his children—ourselves, that is to say—in which Adam gives an account of his disobedience and his fall, and declares that "the day I sinned, that day I died." Whereupon the children not unnaturally ask how that could be, seeing that :

Sons and daughters sprung from thee,
Endu'd with wisdom, power, and wit ;
And all the nations fondly claim
Their first existence in thy name?

Then Adam explains :

Had you the wisdom of that beast
That took my headship by deceit,
I could unfold enough at least
To prove your lineage all a cheat.
He plunder'd all my mental pow'rs,
My visage, stature, speech, and gait.
* * * *

DEATH OF A UNITARIAN BISHOP.—The eminent and pious Bishop Kriza, of Klausenberg, Hungary, died last month. He was a poet, philosopher, and distinguished author. All his letters to his brethren in England for the last fourteen years bear the stamp of profound piety. In one of his letters this year he says, "The principles of liberal Christianity are spreading rapidly amongst us."

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THEOLOGY.—It is an interesting and hopeful sign for the diffusion of theological truth, when the public papers do as they are now doing, print the discourses of Unitarian ministers as freely as of any other Church. We have papers before us from different counties in England where this is now freely done, and in some cases editorial commendations of the humane, rational, and liberal views of the Unitarian Church.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN MITCHEL.—Last month this distinguished Irishman was buried at the Unitarian Chapel at Newry. It appears from the newspaper reports that Mr. Mitchel's father was an Unitarian minister, of broad toleration, genial mind, but firm and unswerving in the support of what he believed to be just and right. The funeral service was performed by our friend the Rev. J. C. Nelson, who spoke the following manly words :—"That, much as he admired and respected Mr. Mitchel, he had no sympathy with his political views, or the means or measures by which he proposed to carry them out."

AN ODD MEETING.—A writer in the "Unitarian Herald" gives an account of a meeting at Birmingham of 500 of the idlest scamps that could be gathered together for tea, through the mistaken charity of our evangelical neighbours. He says the hymns were most singularly inappropriate, such as—

"Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing, all was done
Long, long ago.

"Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing,
'Doing ends in death."

The subject of all was the salvation of the world by the blood of Christ. "I will now refer to what I regret not to have heard. There was no word of Christ's holy life; no reference to parable or 'Sermon on the Mount;' no bit of kindly, practical advice. No one said, 'Keep from the publichouse, which flourishes on your misery and degradation. Get work; there is plenty, if you will do it. Abstain from wife-beating, and from those deeds of violence which have made our town a reproach.' There was nothing of all this."

No More Curse.—The Athanasian creed has to be purified of its anathemas for the Irish Church. Eight bishops recommend this against three, who wish the curses to remain as they were. We believe the English Church will not long lag behind the Irish Church either on the question of disestablishment or the amendment of its creeds. There is a passage in the Book of Revelation, this expurgation will in part fulfil: "There shall be no more curse."

A Parallel.—The other day, at Sunderland, Dean Stanley described the last minutes of the venerable Bede. They are so like the last minutes of Dr. Priestley that we reproduce his words:—"There was a little boy who was copying out for him his translation of the Gospel of St. John, and who said, 'Still more one sentence, dear master, remains unwritten.' He replied, 'Write quickly.' After a little while the boy said, 'Now the sentence is finished.' He answered, 'You have spoken the truth. It is finished. Raise up my head in your hands, for I should like to lie opposite the holy place where I used to pray, so that resting there I may call on God my Father,' and being placed there he said, 'Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' and as he named the name of the Holy Spirit he breathed out his own spirit and departed." Priestley, it will be recollected, said to his amanuensis after he had written the last correction of a proof, "Now I have done," and breathed his last.

A Retrospect of Half a Century.—Our revered friend and faithful minister of the Gospel, Mr. Means, has resigned his pastorate at Worship-street, London. In his review of a fifty years' ministry, he says many things touching and instructive; and looking to the end, closes with the hope of every true Christian in the following words:—"Jesus, as the apostle says, 'hath brought life and immortality to light.' Death is the dark portal, which closes, indeed, our present course, but opens, on the other side, on a vista of eternal, joyful service. We shall there be as the angels of God, 'that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.' To the mere natural eye, this dark portal is opaque and impenetrable; but to the eye which looks steadily at it, in the light of the gospel faith, it becomes transparent, and reveals the glories beyond; and though these may, even thus, be seen 'through a glass darkly,' enough is shown to fill us with the most glowing conceptions of what they will be when we shall be privileged to see them face to face." How beautiful and how different from some great names we could mention, who departed without God and without hope.

Opening a Baptist Church in Rome.—The poor old Pope, they say, enjoys blessing all who go to the Vatican. Some of our Unitarian people have been pleased with his blessings. We may well dispense with them, for he is unsparing in his anathemas on Protestants who meet together for worship in the Holy City. These are his last words:—"I well know that such teachers of lies are under the anathema of Jesus Christ, whose sentence it was that it would be better for them to be thrown into the depths of the sea with a millstone tied to their necks."

Cathedral Cities.—A Wesleyan residing in Durham recently said to our correspondent in the North:—"I wonder you Unitarians don't try to establish Unitarian worship in Durham." The reply was, "Well, I suppose Unitarians think there is no chance of getting a footing in an old cathedral city like Durham." The Wesleyan rejoined, "There I think you are mistaken. It is just the very place; for the parsons' manner of living and doing are so inconsistent that sensible men are disgusted with them; and besides that, you would find a great many intelligent men in Durham."

A Moral Sort of Man.—The celebrated Robert Dale Owen tells a very good story of his going to Boston in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—"The stage-coach was then the usual mode of transit even on the chief routes; and familiar conversation with chance companions was more common there than it is now in rail-cars. On one occasion I sat next to an old lady of grave and anxious aspect. She expressed great interest in the state of my soul. Then she asked me: 'Are you going to our great city of Boston?' 'Yes.' 'Great cities,' she added, 'offer great temptations; and there are many heretics in Boston. Are your religious opinions made up?' Unwilling to offend, I replied in general terms, that I was a searcher after truth. 'What church do you propose to attend?' 'I shall probably visit more than one.' 'But you have a preference, I suppose.' Thus pressed to the wall, I confessed that I hoped to hear Dr. Channing. "Dr. Channing!" she repeated, 'Dr. Channing! I fear—I greatly fear, young sir, that you are one of the *moral* sort of men!' 'I hope so, madam,' I answered quietly. 'I should be sorry to believe that I was not.' Some of the passengers smiled, but my reply evidently horrified the good dame. She lifted up her eyes to heaven; and, probably regarding my case as hopeless, relapsed into silence." Mr. Moody, the revivalist, appears to delight in telling the people *he* was not one of the moral sort when an American Unitarian. *An exception.*

THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

JOHN THOMPSON'S wife had a bad fashion of getting out of patience with her servants at meal times, and looking cross and talking cross to her domestics when her husband came home, with the pleasing hope uppermost in his mind of a quiet retreat from the toils and troubles of business. John Thompson, like many of the John Smiths and John Joneses, had rather a troublesome business to manage, and it cost him many hour's sad thoughts each day in pondering over the ways and means of getting safely over three o'clock. But all these perplexing cares were locked up in his own bosom, and when he turned his face homewards, it was always with a strong resolution to be cheerful, and make, as far as he was concerned, home a pleasant spot to all.

But he was sadly grieved to find that, from some cause or other, his wife had sundry and great troubles with her domestics. Things hardly ever went right, and she was too often in a very unhappy humour. Patient as another Job, however, John Thompson never protested against the domestic prerogative of being cross and scolding.

John Thompson turned his steps homeward the other day after one of the saddest and the most trying of all the days he had been in business. Indeed he thought at one hour he was to be a ruined man. He found a money lender after hours of mental distress, and with some sacrifice he was saved.

After entering up his cash, and making the necessary memorandums of borrowed money, he started for home. His head ached badly, and he felt feverish. Visions of home, and an hour's quiet retirement, then came up in his thoughts. He remembered the pleasant smile with which his wife had parted with him in the morning, and the sweetly uttered, "Come home soon, dear father," of his little, prattling boy. If ever home is sweet to a man, it is after the racking anxieties of such a day as that through which Mr. Thompson had passed; and he turns toward it with a feeling akin to that of the tempest-tossed mariner when he turns his prow towards the land of his nativity. Nothing is so calculated to sour the mind of a man thus circumstanced, and make home unpleasant to him, as to find the little domestic trials all operating to make his wife irritable and out of temper. His own anxieties have been of a character so important to the peace and well-being of his family, that the troubles incident to domestic duties seem like "trifles light as air" in comparison; and to find his home made unpleasant on account of them is more than he had looked for, and more than he can well bear. For the sake of his wife's peace of mind he breathes not of his own difficulties, and puts on a cheerful face while his feelings are under a cloud. To find her unwilling to bear a part, and constantly marring his domestic comfort by complaints or sour looks, tends to irritate and discourage him. It is not to be wondered at that some men, under such circumstances, become cross or neglectful of their families. But let us follow Mr. Thompson home to dinner.

On entering the parlour he saw at a glance that something was wrong; there was a dark scowl upon the brow of Mrs. Thompson. She rang the bell for dinner without uttering a word, and after sundry delays it was served up in about half an hour from the time Mr. Thompson came in. Seats were taken at the table in profound silence. On the part of Mr. Thompson there was no desire to speak, for he knew that all that was wanted was but a single word when the avalanche would break through all its barriers; and he had no desire to witness its fury. But his heart felt like lead in his bosom. His silence, however, was not to prove an antidote. There was no salt upon the table.

"No salt upon the table, I declare," said Mrs. Thompson, in a high-pitched voice, ringing her table bell violently; "I can never get the table set right."

The salt-cellers were brought, and Nancy received a sound berating for her carelessness. Scarcely had she got fairly back into the kitchen when it was discovered that there was no large spoon upon the table, and with sundry exclamations of the disquietude of mind, the bell was rung again.

"I can tell you what it is, Nancy," began Mrs. Thompson, as the domestic entered; "I've no notion of having things done after this fashion. Here's not a single spoon upon the table—nor any water either, as I live, Nancy, this is too bad; I won't put up with it."

Nancy disappeared, and Mrs. Thompson continued—

"The fact is, Mr. Thompson, I'm overdone, and completely worn out. I don't see a bit of peace of my life. You don't seem to think it anything, but I only wish you had it to do. Men think our work nothing."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? It was easy enough to get the salt, and the spoons, and the water, without getting into a fever about them."

For the first time in his life, Mr. Thompson spoke in a reproving tone, and on the instant his better half took fire.

"Get into a fever about it? Who's getting into a fever? Mr. Thompson, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Mrs. Thompson. That it was easy enough to get the things wanted without losing temper."

"Who lost temper? I'd like to know that. I don't like such insinuations, and won't put up with them. You men think we never have any trouble. You get up in the morning, and have everything to your hand, and go off to your business, and come home again, and everything is done for you."

"And with a very bad grace, sometimes, too," rejoined Mr. Thompson.

This was too much for Mrs. Thompson to bear, and bursting into tears she left the table and retired to her chamber. It was some time before Mr. Thompson's irritated feelings would allow him to follow his wife, but he soon yielded to his better thoughts, and slowly ascended the stairs that led to the chamber. He found his wife lying on the bed sobbing hysterically. What to do, he did not exactly know; but his better feelings had returned, and as he was heartily sorry for what he had said, he felt that it was necessary to do something. He first of all called her tenderly by name, but she made no answer. This again irritated him; he had no idea of being trifled with. He was himself a straightforward kind of a man, and when he so far offered terms as to speak kindly first, he very naturally thought that Mrs. Thompson ought to meet him half way.

"Sarah!" he said once more, in a tone slightly mollified from its peculiar expression of tenderness. But there was no reply.

"Sarah!" he again repeated in a voice still less affectionate, and a little louder. But still there was no answer. Again his evil genius overcame him, and he said roughly:

"Sarah, if you think to play the fool with me, you are mistaken. I have borne your ill humours long enough, and now you must change a little for my accommodation, or there will be trouble in the wigwam. I have spoken out what has been boiling up a long time. Home has ceased to be a pleasant place to me, and all because of your cloudy brow and continual fault-finding. Scold your servants in the kitchen, and wear your frown to them if they do wrong; but don't punish me for their misdemeanours. And now I am going. I shall expect when I return at night a pleasanter reception than I generally get. So good-by."

Mrs. Thompson had remained silent when spoken to by her husband, for the amiable purpose of punishing him by exciting his sympathies to a painful degree in her behalf; but in this he had foiled her. And now that he had really gone, for she heard the street door bang after him, she began to think a little soberly of the consequences of such a state of things if continued. She really loved her husband, although often disposed to be fretful towards him when things went wrong in her domestic concerns. Pride whispered many spirited thoughts in her ear, but the groundwork of real good sense that was at the bottom of her character, hushed into silence the insidious suggestions. To win her husband back from his strange mood had become her ruling desire, long before the hour for his return had arrived; and when the door-bell rang at dusk, she was instant to answer it, and received him with a

calm, affectionate, but sad smile; for she could not banish from her heart the consciousness that he was angry with her, and not without cause.

Mr. Thompson was evidently taken by surprise. He was not prepared for such a reception. He had expected coolness for two or three days, and he had nerved himself to go through it like a man. He had resolved also to conquer at all hazards. He did not speak at the moment, but took her hand, and with a kind pressure led her into the room, and seated himself beside her on the sofa.

"Sarah," said he, in a tone of great kindness, "you have no doubt thought my conduct to-day strange. Let me explain it to you. I have great troubles in my business, and often distressing anxieties. Particularly in these times of unexampled commercial difficulties, I find it almost impossible, even with the greatest sacrifices, to get along. But with none of these things have I wished to trouble you. But you have acted differently towards me. Your difficulties with your domestics have irritated you, and you have too often allowed your feelings of irritation to expend themselves upon me. Often, when a little attention on your part would have made everything go right, you have trusted to servants you knew to be careless, and then spoiled the pleasure of a meal by scolding them or grumbling through it on account of your difficulties. My dear Sarah, this is all wrong. This morning I had greater difficulty in getting my note out of the bank than ever, and after running through the hot sun, and enduring all kinds of mortifying denials in my attempts to borrow money, had in the end to sacrifice more than I now make in a month to get money from a heartless broker. The clock struck three as I entered the bank. Two minutes later, and my notes would have been protested and I ruined. With a violent headache, and burning with a fever, caused by great mental excitement, I came home at dinner-time, anxious for a little quiet of mind to recover myself. But when I found you ready to annoy me about some trifling neglect of the servant, I could not endure it. I should not have spoken if I had reflected a moment, but it may be as well."

Mrs. Thompson made no answer, but twined her arms around the neck of her husband, and looked up into his face with mild, repentant eyes that were running over with tears. It was their first and their last quarrel.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THOSE who toil to earn their bread
Need not blush to own their lot;
They in noble footsteps tread,
And a claim to live have got.
Toil is not the wage of sin,
For in Eden work was given,
Man was made to work and win
Spoil of earth and bliss of heaven.

He who at the anvil stands,
Striking while the iron glows,
Though he works with horny hands,
Nobly strikes the ringing blows.
At the loom, and in the field,
In the shop and on the soil,
Where men wisely power wield—
There is dignity in toil.

He who works with throbbing brain
Thinks to teach men how to live,
Writes, that others good may gain,
Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give.
He can claim the manly right
With the sons of toil to stand,
He asserts his mental might,
Helps to bless his native land.

He who lives a life of ease
Idly wasting all his days—
Aiming only self to please,
Filled with pride and courting praise,
Call him not a noble man,
Such existence is a shame;
And when ends his life's blank span,
Soon will die his empty name.

Labour brings reward and rest,
Educates the latent powers;
And he serves his age the best
Who employs his golden hours;
Working not beyond his might,
Toiling not against his will,
And beneath his master's sight
Glad his mission to fulfil.

All things labour for our good:
He who made us never sleeps;
He who tills the ground for food,
For his pains a harvest reaps.
None who work need feel ashamed,
As they do what good they can;
'Tis an honour to be named,
As we toil "a working man."

FEELING AND DOING.

THE religion of the feelings—as they are termed—is always a popular one; and large numbers of persons will continue to think it the only religiousness. People who exhibit in their lives any other form or degree of religion will be reproached with their deficiency; and denominations that aim especially at the morality of the life will suffer, in the popular mind, under the same imputation. Was it the Lord or was it Satan (for accounts in the Bible differ), that tempted David to number Israel? A sort of Satan sets, every now and then, the Unitarian denomination to count its adherents. Some who feel the great impression made on their minds by external success will want to be going over to other Churches, where a larger number of thousands will keep them warm, or sustain their feeble courage. The majority of persons in the world will seek the religion of the feelings; another class will seek that religion which consists especially in doing the will of God.

The difficulty some find concerning the deficiency of religious emotion, and in the refusal of some denominations and preachers to make emotion a special object of constant effort, is a kind of religious dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in the stomach is often a coldness, emptiness, hungriness, which, however, common and wholesome food will not fill and warm and allay. The poor patient has tried food of various nourishing kinds, and gets no relief. Whiskey warms and fills; and often as the stomach gets cold and empty, he applies to his whiskey and for a time is satisfied. We know the result: more cold, more emptiness and more strong drink. Food becomes less and less attractive and palatable; the system tends to waste instead of strength. We find it so, in an eminent degree, in religious experiences. Give the people excitement, and they will be satisfied—for a season. They will call it religion to be overwhelmed with terror. The silence of the hour of prayer, the raptures of devoutness, the awe attending symbolic rites will for many be all sufficient. When St. Paul began his Christian life, he did not ask, How shall I get the feelings appropriate to Christian discipleship? nor, How shall I get more warmth of heart in prayer; or a more glowing love towards my new brethren; but, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" To aim at sensibility, as a direct or immediate object, would be pronounced a foolishness in any other relation but that which we hold towards God. Think of a child, absent from home, struck with the conviction that filial love is a special enjoyment, a special superiority, and a special duty; that for such reasons he ought to entertain a warmer affection towards his parents; and, thereupon, endeavouring to create that affection by a direct effort of his will. Or could a man create patriotism in his mind, by silent meditation, or by much talk with others about his own country? If one wanted to create in himself a horror of sin, could he do it by dwelling on the thought of various forms of sins, their shocking aspects, the evil they had done in the world, and the like? If a man knows he ought to be a patriot, the world will tell him, Go, and be a patriot; if he complains that he has not the feeling, the world will laugh at him for a fool, or see through him as insincere. If he wants to abhor sin, the world will tell him to go and do deeds of righteousness. The world will not urge the child to gaze upon his parents' photograph, enumerate his parents' virtues, or labour by will to create the sentiment of love; but simply and chiefly to do what his parents wish him to do.

The preaching of the duties of life, irrespective of any emotions the mind may entertain, brings up the old charge of the preaching of "mere morality." But the expression "mere morality" conveys in itself a degree of condemnation of the condition it describes. "Mere morality" means, not anything very high or important. No one would think of saying that the old prophets preached "mere morality" when they thundered at the vices and wickedness of the Jewish people, or stung people to the quick with their reproaches. No one would think of reproaching Jesus with the preaching of mere morality when he called on the people to repent, for the kingdom of heaven was at hand, or

reproved the Pharisees for devouring widows' houses and making long prayers for an atonement. When Felix trembled, it was not because respectability of life was impressed upon him, and he was urged to be as good as commonly good people around him were.

The great preachers of the world, in all ages and countries, under all dispensations, have been preachers of righteousness. The inefficiency of preaching generally comes from the fact that no righteousness is preached. Perhaps the preacher has no special experience of a righteousness higher than that which is attained to by society at large. Deficient in some loftier standard than that of the business, fashion and politics of the day, or, if superior there, and truly good himself, betrayed into the conviction that religious emotion first will cure the diseases of unrighteousness, the preacher aims at this kind of excitement as the essential of the religious course. And how it too often satisfies his mind as he dwells upon the thought! how it satisfies his disciples, who get aroused and gush with emotion, and live on with little change of moral principle or moral object! The Pharisees were full of emotion and devotion; full of their prayers and incense and sacrifice. The silver-shrine builders of Diana may have worshipped with deep emotion the awful purity of their goddess; but they wanted the money more. No denomination is in a healthy state that dwells on the necessity for religious sensibility as the most essential thing. There is but one work for us, and that is to learn, proclaim and practice righteousness, the righteousness that God requires.—*Christian Register.*

JOHN JONES AND I.

We had a tiff: "John Jones," said I,
"You shouldn't leave your cow at large!"
"You mend your fence!" was his reply;
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing; the cow had cropped
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;
And yet for this a friend I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,
Yet thrust my better thought aside,
And, when my blood had time to cool,
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate;
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool;
Two broods of children learned to hate;
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's pew was next to mine:
What pleasant greetings passed between!
As sacred as the bread and wine
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song,
Oft had we bowed in common prayer,
And shared the worship of the throng
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing
The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace,
And pardon stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good
Made life for both to deaden down;
And nature darkened to our mood,
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and smoked:
Good Doctor Dean came riding by;
He said, in voice a little choked,
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die."

A sudden fire shot through my brain,
And burned, like tow, the sophist lies;
And on my heart a sudden pain
Fell, like a bolt, from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshold where
My shadow had not passed for years;
I felt a shudder in the hand
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel
I saw the doctor turn away!
Some mighty impulse made me kneel
Beside the bed, as if to pray.

Yet not the Maker's name I called;
As one who plunges 'neath the wave,
A swimmer strong and unappalled,
Intent a drowning life to save—

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,
In anguish of desire intense,
Sent that departing one a cry
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

Back to the dim eye came a ray;
O'er the white face a faint smile shone;
I felt, as 'twere a spirit's touch,
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O resurrection power of God
Which wrought that miracle of pain!
From buried hearts tore off the shroud,
And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood,
And, weeping, heard the pastor say,
"That out of death He bringeth life,
And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah, who could guess, of all the throng,
The strange, sweet comfort in the pain
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

—Charles G. Ames.

THE CLOVER-BLOSSOM.

USEFULNESS GREATER THAN BEAUTY.

A PINK clover-blossom popped her head out of her green leaves one fine summer morning. She found herself planted in a border of grass that surrounded a circle of flower-beds in a beautiful garden, and scarcely dared to raise her eyes to take a peep at the grand place in which she was growing.

"You are very pretty," whispered a blade of ribbon-grass, bending down to the clover-blossom. "Now that I come nearer, I can see that you have a hundred beauties I didn't notice before, each one blushing sweetly."

"It must be so," thought the clover, as the wind swung the tall blade up straight; "for he is so high he can spy out everything all around me."

She spread her pink and white-winged spikes wider, and looked out at her neighbours, but soon discovered that of all the garden-flowers she was the plainest and lowliest; though her leaves were soft and beautifully marked, they were unnoticed in the dark, green grass, and her pink and white-winged spikes, though there were so many of them, were very insignificant.

The blade of ribbon-grass bent gracefully toward a scarlet fuchsia, nodded to a tall spire of blue larkspur, and waved good-day to the "morning-glories" whose striped skirts were spangled with glittering dew. The garden was filled with stately beauties; lady's-slippers in puffs and flounces of every hue, yellow marigolds, blue hare-bells, pansies in purple and gold, and majestic gladiolas in scarlet and white caps. The clover-blossom hung her red head; she felt like an uninvited guest; she had come there quite by accident; it was not intended that her lowly form and humble dress should appear among these fine flowers of quality.

"This is no place for me," she sighed, wishing that she might creep again under the cover of the green leaves, and hide her homely charms. But none of the gay beauties were thinking of her. The ribbon-grass took no notice of her; he was paying his compliments to the garden *belles*, and had quite forgotten the clover-blossom.

The eyes of the butterfly were very large, but he roved from one flower to the other without spying out the red cloverhead. When the sun rose higher, the "four o'clocks" and "morning glories" closed their eyes and went fast asleep.

"Dear me! they look very old and withered, to be sure," thought the clover-blossom! "and I am not at all sleepy; my eyes are opening wider every minute. These fine folks do not suit me. Perhaps the gardener will chop my head off with his hoe when he sees me. I should not be very sorry, for I am of no use; no one needs me or cares for me here."

A busy bee came humming and buzzing through the garden; he hovered around the apple tree; the blossoms had long ago withered; he could scarcely tell what he came there for, and so he buzzed on and stopped at the group of "four o'clocks."

"Lazy things!" said the bee. "Sleepy heads! they can't keep awake half of the day. They are the drones of the garden. I won't call here again. Ah! I need not expect anything from you," continued he, in contempt, pausing for a moment at the withered, unsightly "morning glories."

He was looking for something better than grace and beauty and mere ornament. The wise bee knew it could not be found on the dew-spangled skirts of the "morning glories" and "four o'clocks;" and so, also, he passed by the languishing fuschia, the blue hare-bell, gorgeous pansies, and red-capped gladiolas. They all looked after him as he flew past wondering why they were neglected, and saw him linger near the clover-blossom, almost hidden down under the grass.

"Will you give me some honey?" said the bee. "I have come miles for it; I have passed by all the fine garden-flowers, hunting for my little favourite; I always find honey stored away in your red and white spikes. I will carry it to the hive, where we all know that the best honey we have is that which we beg from our friends the clover-heads."

"Take what I have to give you, busy bee; you may have my honey," said the clover-blossom pleasantly. "Ah!

I am of some use then," she thought, as the bee flew away from the garden, laden with the honey taken from her blossom. "It is better to live and die in the shade down here with the gentle grass, than to be a brilliant garden beauty. I would rather be useful than ornamental." The evening breeze wafted the tall blade of ribbon-grass down toward the clover-blossom, as she murmured these thoughts to herself.

"The handsome flowers all wondered why the bee passed them by and came to you," said the ribbon-grass. The clover made no reply. She had learned the sweet spirit of contentment; she was happy, because she know that, however homely, she was of some use in the beautiful world in which the Creator of all things had placed her.

If any of our little readers should taste the sweetest honey from the hive, perhaps they may remember that from the clover-blossom the bee gathers it, and stores it away for our use. And as we see the common flower which springs up in every meadow and roadside, let us recollect that usefulness is greater than beauty; and what we lay up in our minds, is of more value than the most attractive outward appearance.—*Early Days.*

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

His outward life was the life of all those of his age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-coloured sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched the idyllic picture of their games, and heard the ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet and abundant fountain—may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when he too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp which forms the only ornament in the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colours, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs around the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-coloured quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libbán*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth. —*Farrar's "Life of Christ."*

CHRISTIAN LIFE THE GRAND TEST.

The verities of true religion are of an independent order and nature. They are always true. No discoveries of science, no change of speculative belief, can ever interfere with them. The essential truth of Christianity is not a matter of logical evidence at all; it is a matter of fact, for it is based upon the highest spiritual laws, and embodies the loftiest conception of our reason, as well as our best and purest feeling. Its defence may be safely left to itself. The Christian life refutes every argument against the truth of Christianity.

SON, REMEMBER!

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

THE London papers report that the most thrilling sermon of Mr. Moody's is "The Rich Man and Lazarus; or, the Actuality of Hell in a Future World." His text in this case is "Son, Remember!" In a former article we quoted abundant testimony of the most learned men of the Orthodox Church that this is a parable, indeed Mr. Moody speaks of it as a parable, and then gives it a most literal meaning. On this important question we shall once more give the words of the "Universalist":—

"We have shown the nearly unanimous opinion of well-accredited interpreters to be that the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus is a parable. We now proceed to its interpretation. Here we find less uniformity. The differences are marked. Dr. Adam Clarke, after wisely saying that the story is 'either a parable or a real history,' proceeds to interpret it as a real history. Albert Barnes admits it to be a parable, but gives it the same meaning he would give it if otherwise than a parable. And Archbishop Trench enters into a very minute and elaborate exposition of the story, not differing, so far as we can see, in any essential point, from an exposition of a veritable account. Though placing it among the parables, he interprets it as if it were not a parable. All these seem to forget, or at least to ignore, the definition of a parable as given by Dr. Johnson, as being 'a relation under which something else is figured.'

"Trench, however, must be credited for candour. He clearly states the interpretations of others differing from his own. Thus, he informs us that Teelman 'considers Dives (the Rich Man) as the Jewish people, and Lazarus as Christ, rejected and despised by the proud nation, and full of sores, bearing his people's sins;' and that this interpretation was suggested by Augustine. He also tells us that Schleiermacher regarded Dives as standing for 'Herod Antipas, infamous for his incestuous marriage;' and that Tertullien had long before Schleiermacher suggested a similar interpretation.

"But the interpretation, differing from his own, which Trench gives at greatest length, is that which has generally been adopted by Universalist expositors. It is substantially that of Hosea Ballou, Thomas Whittemore, Menzies Raynor, Lucius R. Paige, and Sylvanus Cobb. It is that which Theopylact calls 'the allegorical interpretation,' and which he gives at some length, as quoted in Paige's 'Selections.' The Archbishop says that it 'has frequently made itself heard, having found more or less favour with Augustine and Gregory the Great, and with more modern commentators than one. Should it obtain allowance,' he further says, 'the parable like so many others which we owe exclusively to St. Luke, will set forth the past and future relations of the Jew and the Gentile.' In as few words as we can, we give the substance of 'the allegorical interpretation' as stated by Trench:

"The Rich Man represents the Jewish nation, clad in the purple of the king and in the fine linen of the priest. They fared sumptuously every day, and had all that was needful both for their outward enjoyment and for their spiritual wants. They had the rich inheritance of the Mosaic law, and the inspired writings of a long line of poets and prophets. But rich as they were in these treasures, they were parsimonious in their use. They refused to share them with those who needed them most. They did nothing to shed the knowledge of God among the heathen. Not a crumb did they drop for those who were destitute of the favours so lavishly conferred upon themselves. The Gentile world, full of sins and covered with sores, lay at their gate; and while the dogs came and licked its sores, it was all the alleviation it received. It was but a slight assuagement of its wants and woes.

"But a change came. With the destruction of its temple and capital city the Jewish nation was blotted out, and its religious prestige passed away. Privileges so far exceeding those of any other people were taken from the Hebrew race. The good things they had formerly had in so great abundance were for them no more. They were dispersed among all nations, a hissing and a by-word to all people. They were perse-

cuted, outlawed, and put to death in every barbarous way. Go where we will, if we enter a Jewish synagogue, we hear them rehearsing the desolations of Zion and the woes of their people. In this hell, this underworld, in which they grope, they lift their eyes, being in torments.

"But the change which occurred at the passing away of the old dispensation was a different one to the Gentiles. They were now blessed with the teachings of the Gospel. The divine favour, taken from the Jews, was transferred to them. The evil things they had so long endured were removed from them, and in place of them, they had those by which they were comforted. This beggar, once lying at the Rich Man's gate and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the Rich Man's table, now reposed in Abraham's bosom, the place which, by prescriptive right, had hitherto been the exclusive resting-place of those who had descended from Abraham. In a word, our Lord imaged forth, in the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus, the change about to occur to the two peoples, the Jews and Gentiles. The former are now in darkness because of their unbelief, 'lifting up their eyes, being in torments;' while the latter are enjoying the blessings which come from receiving the Gospel, improving its privileges, believing its truths, and cherishing its hopes. They recline in Abraham's bosom.

"Such is the interpretation given to the parable by many theologians, both in ancient and modern times. The difficulties in the way of the popular interpretation have led them to adopt his view of its teachings. While a literal interpretation of it fails to substantiate the doctrine of eternal torments, and even suggests the probabilities of the reformation and restoration of the lost hereafter, we submit that this explanation is both reasonable and natural. It harmonises with other teachings of our Lord, which speak of the punishment to come upon the Jewish people for their unbelief. And it accords with St. Paul's view of the 'blindness in part which had happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in,' Rom. xi. 25. Paul believed both that the fulness of the Gentiles would 'come in, and that all Israel shall be saved,' verse 32. In his view the 'great gulf' which now separates the Jews from the rest will be filled, and that all the world, both Jews and Gentiles, will be redeemed through Him that lived and died for all."

SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE FAMILY.

THE full enjoyment of a happy family life requires the constant exercise of a spirit of self-sacrifice on the part of its members. The rule of "the greatest good to the greatest number" must prevail. This requires that each one should give up his individual preferences in all instances where they conflict with the collective wishes of the household, and that he shall be willing to forego them when they are opposed to those of a single member. When self-denial is practised habitually, with fidelity and purity of purpose, the exercise becomes a never-failing source of happiness to one's self as well as to those in whose favour it is made. It promotes love, harmony, contentment, and conduces to that discipline of character which makes men equal to emergencies. Many of our most cherished recollections are associated with moments in which we have yielded some great personal gratification, or endured pain, that others might not suffer; and we may often trace to such moments of discipline the beginning of some important success or of some salutary course of life.

The office of parent is one of never-ceasing study of what is good for others, of ever-recurring sacrifices. What a mother will endure for her children no one but a mother can tell. No other person, either, can tell of the ineffable pleasure which the enduring brings to her, or of the height of enjoyment she attains in the society or the observation of the children who prove worthy of all that she has done for them. A true mother will consider the temporal object of life fully attained and all her pains and anxieties abundantly rewarded in such enjoyment. The father finds in the thought that he is providing for the

comfort of his family the strongest stimulus to activity in his field of work, and is rewarded if he can realise at the end that he has insured them against want, and if he can see them qualified to sustain themselves, morally and materially.

Thus the foundation of family life is laid in self-sacrifice; so the structure must be built upon it. Unless the spirit we have described governs the course of the parents, greed, contention and misery will be bred, of necessity. The children cannot be good and happy, and prosper, unless they regard the example set them by their parents. To them they owe self-sacrifice as a debt; they owe it likewise to their brothers and sisters, on the principle of equality in rights and of fellowship. Tastes and desires will incessantly clash among the several members of the household. The question will always be arising and have to be settled anew every day, unless it has been settled firmly at the beginning, whether the family life shall be joggled and jumping, like the going of a cart on a corduroy road, or uniform and smooth, like the motion of a piece of perfectly adjusted machinery. Each member will be called upon to decide whether he will contribute to make it one or the other.

A household is a co-operative institution, existing for a definite object, and bound by a set of definite duties. It must perform a certain round of work each day to satisfy the demands of the present and anticipate those of the future. It must look after the comfort and the culture of the whole family, and of the individual members. Each one has his part in this work; it is his duty to be as helpful as he can, both on the principles of comity and because in this way only can he make a return for what is done for him. Helpfulness may be exhibited in perfunctory service, or in the spirit which shows one willing to do more than his share, to help in another's task, or to go beyond the regular routine and devise new means to increase the general enjoyment. The value of the first kind of helpfulness may be subjected to a material measurement. The other is a grace.

FAITH IN JESUS.

Jesus has left no creed. He has carefully avoided systematising his teaching. He has left it not in philosophic, nor metaphysical, nor theological form, but in aphorisms bearing on life, in parables or stories, within which the truth lurks as an unexpressed moral. But several special characteristics belong to this teaching, some of which I will indicate.

First. *It is a gospel for the poor;* for the poor in circumstances and the poor in spirit; for the depressed, for the discouraged, for those who are down, who think they have no friends, who are hopelessly saddened by disappointment and sorrow. It is good news to them, for it tells them that God has not forgotten them; that there is a special and divine compensation in their lot; that the humble are to be exalted; that the real kingdom of God opens its door wide for them. So teaches the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount; and so does Jesus teach, by word and by conduct, all through his ministry.

Secondly. Jesus teaches that God is to reign *here*, in this world, as well as in the other; that truth is to triumph here; that evil is not so strong as good; that falsehood is to be defeated by truth. So he puts it into the middle of our daily prayer, teaching us to ask God that His kingdom shall come and His will be done *here* and *now*.

Thirdly. He teaches that human love and divine love are identical; that true morality and true piety are only opposite faces of the same substance; that the love of God leads to the love of man, and that the love of man leads to the love of God. He unites in one, time and eternity, heaven and earth. He abolishes the great gulf between, which almost all religions have made broad, deep and impassable.

It is curious to see how the saying of Jesus has been fulfilled: "Every one who is of the truth heareth my voice." Even those who are usually considered as unbelievers, and who are unbelievers in every technical sense of the word, who reject the creeds of Christendom, accept Jesus in some very high sense. So Rousseau accepted him and heard his voice. So Renan accepts him and hears his voice. So Theodore Parker

accepts him and hears his voice. So, only recently, John Stuart Mill has put on record his acceptance of Jesus as the one pure and lofty soul among men.

When we say that *Jesus is the Christ*, we mean that his faith is to rule the world; when we say *Jesus is the Son of God*, we mean that his *goodness* is the truly divine goodness—that such goodness as his is that which makes the true saint whom God loves.

The goodness of many saints has consisted in loving in solitude, living in the wilderness, or in caves, to escape the contamination of human society. Most religions have a superior order of holiness in works and vows, in those who live in poverty and outward self-denial. The goodness of Jesus was the exact opposite; it was social, human. He lived among men, and went about doing good.

The goodness of most religions has laid much stress on religious ceremonies, on devotion, making many prayers. Most religions have sacred places, holy persons, sacred rites, holy books. There is nothing of this in Christianity. There are no forms laid down by Jesus for his religion. The spirit is everything; the method is unessential.

The goodness of most religions has been solemn, sombre, very grave. Jesus had a goodness of sunshine, radiant with gladness and joy. To him the world was full of God's love, God's care, God's influence; so it was a happy world to him. When we say that Jesus is the Son of God, we assert the divinity of this type of religion. We say that his goodness was divinely good, and that this human, happy, social, spiritual religion is that which God loves best.

And now you see what we mean when we call ourselves the disciples of Jesus.

To be a disciple of Jesus does not mean to profess ourselves more religious than other people. It is *not* saying, "We are pious, we are converted; we are on our way to heaven;" but it is saying, "We believe Christianity a good thing, and we would like to be Christians in life, in heart, in action, in thinking."

Nor it does not mean the profession of any belief, except one belief, that Jesus is a wise and good master, a safe guide in spiritual things, and that we desire to be his scholars that we may learn whatever he has to teach. It is not believing in the trinity, or disbelieving it; it is not believing in the atonement, or disbelieving it; it is not believing in eternal damnation or universal salvation.

While we reserve the right to decide for ourselves the truth or falsehood of all these opinions, there are some great doctrines of Christianity in which all Christians agree, namely, that there is one supreme and living God, that He is our father and friend, and that our duty is to love God with all our heart and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves.

And there is one fact in which all serious thinkers, whether Christians or not, agree: that the life of Jesus is the most divine life ever led on earth; that is, that he is pre-eminently the Son of God.

To be disciples of Jesus, therefore, is to take him as our guide in the study of religious truth, and our example in conduct and living.

But it does not mean that we are to stop in what the New Testament tells us, for Jesus himself asserts that there is a great deal more of truth to be revealed besides what he taught and what is there recorded. "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now; but when He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He will lead you into all truth."

To be disciples of Jesus does not mean to be tied to any forms, for he instituted none. He accepted baptism, but he himself did not baptise; as though he meant to say that it was a good symbolic act and to be continued, but not essential. He asked his disciples to remember him, and to eat bread and drink wine in his memory; but he did not tell them that this rite was to be a lasting ceremony in his Church. It has endured because it was a good and wholesome one, and I think it will endure; but it will not be considered as the exclusive property of church-members, or as binding on any one who does not get good out of it, but, as good Mr. Hoar said, only belonging to those who have an appetite for it.

A disciple of Jesus is not tied to any forms or any creeds, for his is a religion of freedom. He may honestly criticise the New Testament, accept what seems to him good and true, and omit the rest. He may and ought to keep his mind open for light from all sides; from nature, history, experience, science, knowing that all truth is God's truth, and that God is revealed in nature and history, and in the human soul and in the Bible.

Instead, therefore, of the creeds which attempt to say what Christianity is, I think the Churches will at last return to the original creed, the only one taught by the apostles, the one which Jesus said was to be the rocky foundation of his Church, the one which actually was the foundation—faith in Jesus himself. Not a belief *about* Jesus, but faith in Jesus himself as a safe guide to follow and a good example to imitate. In this faith all Christians can agree, for they *do* agree in it. They never quarrel about this trust in Jesus himself, but only in what they interpret to be his teaching. When they make trust in Christ himself the essential thing, leaving every man to interpret what Christianity is, the Church will again be one.

But I am sometimes asked, Why unite with Churches at all?

To this I reply, that if to unite with a Church meant to profess to be any more religious than others, or if uniting with a Church meant a definite profession of belief, I should not desire myself to become a member.

But, in our own case, joining this "Church of Disciples" is joining a society for mutual improvement and usefulness. It is saying to others: "I should like to be one of this association, because I believe its objects to be good. It is a good thing to keep alive the sense of a divine presence in the community by public worship, and I will help in that. It is good to be reminded once a week of the great soul whose teachings have elevated the world; I will help in that. It is good to meet to hear his words read, to lift the thoughts in prayer to a higher power, to feel God around us and within us. It is good to join with others of all ranks, all occupations, all opinions, all tastes, once a week, and meet them as human beings, on the broad platform of humanity. I will co-operate in that."

When anything is to be done which cannot be done by individual effort, then it is necessary to unite and do it by a society. The Christian Church is such a society. Its object is to keep alive in the community and diffuse abroad the knowledge, love, and service of God. This cannot be done by individuals. They come and go, they are born and die. They change their ideas and tastes. But the Church, as a permanent society, lives on, is always present, is always engaged in the same essential work. We, children of a day, may count ourselves happy that we find it here when we are born, to receive us into its maternal arms; that it instructs our youth; that it fills life around us with the sense of a universal divine presence; that it blesses our homes, touches the brow of our children with its sacred benediction, carries our dead to a resting-place where they sleep in Jesus, and points, with an undying hope, to a heavenly life beyond, for them and for ourselves. —*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE SERMONS OUR GRANDFATHERS HEARD.

You thought it a tiresome long sermon you say?
What would you have thought in your grandfather's day?

Your grandfather, child, who sat up in his pew,
And listened to sermons three hours getting through!

And the seats were so hard, and the house was so cold,
And his feet swung high up from the floor, as we're told.

And there he sat on, from the time of the text,
Through the first and the second, the next and the next.

Through the heads and the argument, solid and strong,
Through the proofs and examples, so prosy and long.

Through the words of St. Peter and words of St. Paul,
To the sixteenth and lastly, improvement and all.

If you find it hard now to keep wakeful and prime,
Don't you think you'd have yawned in your grandfather's time?

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

WAKENING SLEEPERS.—"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think, returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

HONOURING THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—A distinguished professor being in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling to cabby, the legal fare, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shullin', sir." The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, and the cabman dryly answered, "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir."

OPPOSITION.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who can not abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside to be overlooked or forgotten.

WHO WAS JESUS CHRIST?—A pamphlet has been published, by Williams and Norgate, with the above caption written, we would say from the anti-supernatural stand point. Yet the writer concludes, and we would say very properly, with the following words:—"The life of Christ may be truly said to present a miracle far greater than those which have hitherto disfigured many religions of the known world, and his death exhibits a higher and nobler sacrifice than any that has ever been invented by priests to delude and impose upon their ignorant, credulous, and fanatical followers. Whether, therefore, we look upon the life of Jesus Christ as an example to mankind, or on his death as a noble sacrifice to the call of duty, in contradistinction to that degrading view which is the too prevalent notion of the Christian world, namely, as a bargain struck between himself and his Father, and as a price paid to appease his otherwise implacable wrath against his children of the human race, for a sin commited by deputy long before they were any of them born, we are constrained to acknowledge, that of all mankind who have ever lived, it may be more truly said of him than of any other human being, 'This was the Son of God.'"

TRUE RELIGION.—Nature says, Love thyself; domestic education says, Love your family; the nation says, Love your country; but religion says, Love all mankind. She is better acquainted with our interests than our natural instinct is, or our politics. Let her ride over all human relations. By inculcating upon us the obligation to love all men, she furnishes us with the only real means of loving ourselves.

THISTLES IN THE HEART.—A few years ago a little boy told his first falsehood. It was a little solitary thistle seed, and no eye but God's saw him as he planted it in the mellow soil of his heart. But it sprung up—oh, how quickly! and in a little time another and another seed dropped from it to the ground, each in its turn bearing more seed and more thistles. And now his heart is overgrown with a bad habit. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for a gardener to clear his land of the ugly thistle after it has once gained a footing in the soil.

CHARITY WITH A VENGEANCE.—Samuel Roe, a Bedfordshire clergyman in the last century, and vicar of Stotfield, in that county, was a specimen of that inconsistent but not uncommon, character, an enthusiast against enthusiasm. Without any extraordinary capacity or attainments, he might have lived without notice and have died without remembrance, had he not signalised himself by a proposal for preventing the further growth of Methodism—a proposal as full of genius as it was of humanity. But this amiable and benevolent man shall be heard in his own words: "Humbly propose to the legislative powers, when it shall seem meet, to make an example of the tabernacle preachers, by enacting a law to cut out their tongues, as well as the tongues of all field teachers, and others who preach in houses, barns or elsewhere, without apostolical ordination or legal authority."—*Book of Clerical Anecdotes.*

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